Vpon his partie for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed *I* am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies.
But that *Ile* giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my *Maiſters* hate,
I liue to looke vpon their *T*ragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. *T*is a vile thing to die my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and *I*, who as thou knowſt are deare
*T*o princely Richard, and to *B*uckingham.
Cat. *T*he Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. *I* know they do, and *I* haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L.. where is your *B*oare-ſpeare man?
*F*eare you the Boare and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, by the holy roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels *I*.
Haſt. My L. *I* hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now:
Thinke you but that *I* know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as *I* am?
Sta. *T*he Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day o
*T*his ſudden ſcab of rancor *I* miſdoub
*P*ray God, I proue a needleſſe cowa
But come my *L.* ſhall we to the *T*ow
Ha. I go: but ſtay: heare you not
*T*his day thoſe men you talke of, are b
Sta. *T*hey for their truth might bet
*T*hen ſome that haue accuſde them w
*B*ut come my *L.* let vs away. *Ex*
Ha. Go you before, *Ile* follow pre

Enter Haſtings a

Haſt. *W*ell met Haſtings, how goe
Pur. *T*he better that it pleaſe your g
Haſt. *I* tell thee fellow, tis better wi
*T*hen when *I* met thee laſt where no
*T*hen was I going priſoner to the *T*o
*B*y the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes alli
*B*ut now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſe
*T*his day thoſe enemies are put to de
And *I* in better ſtate then euer *I* was
Pur. God hold it to your Honour
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings, hold ſp

He giues him his purſ

Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit.*
Haſt. *W*hat ſir *I*ohn, you are well m
I am beholding to you, for your laſt d
Come the next *S*abboth, and *I* will c

Enter Buckingham.

*B*uc. How now *L*ord Camberlaine,
Your friends at Pomfret they do nee
Your *H*onour hath no ſhriuing work
Haſt. Good faith and when I met t
*T*hoſe men you talke of, came into m
*W*hat, go you to the *T*ower my *L*ord
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay.
I ſhall returne before you Lordſhip t
Haſt. *T*is like enough, for *I* ſtay di
Buc. And ſupper too, although the

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